



## Lost Love



👁 11 ✓ 0 ★ 1

### Chapter 1 by Kara Davidson

I sit blankly at my computer screen.

"Why did I pull up these old pictures? Why do I do this to myself?" I think as I stare at the picture of a couple sitting on a snowy park bench. I quickly close down my computer once I realize the tears have begun to fall. I don't want to do this. I don't want this.

I swivel in my chair, the tears freely flowing now, as I quickly walk over to my closet and blindly grope for my hidden stash. "I shouldn't do it. Why do I need to do it. I really shouldn't." I tell myself these over and over as I pull the small box out from under the floorboard. I open it and look at my tools, that have been taking over my life.

1 roll of gauze. 2 rolls of medical tape. 23 packets of alcohol disinfectant wipes. 10 big band aides and 14 small ones. And the most important part: 2 pencil sharpener blades, 1 exact-o knife, a pair of jagged scissors, 3 lighters, and one pocket knife.

I clumsily grab the exact-o knife as I choose a spot to begin. I go with my upper thigh, as it's one of the least noticeable places. As I press the blade into my skin the flashbacks begin. The pain

sears through my leg and my heart as I fall into it.

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"Lail," His name drifts through my mind as it starts. Why did you go?

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